

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Copyrighted by Harper Bros., McClure, Phillips & Co., and published exclusively in this paper by special arrangement with the Canada Newspaper Syndicate.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLUE CARBUNCLE

(Continued.)

For a moment he had staggered and nearly fallen, but the brandy brought a tinge of color into his cheeks, and he sat staring with frightened eyes at his accuser.

"I have almost every link in my hands and all the proofs which I could possibly need, so there is little you need tell me. Still, that little may as well be cleared up to make the case complete. You had heard, Ryder, of this blue stone of the Countess of Morcar's?"

"It was Catherine Cusack who told me of it," said he, in a crackling voice.

"I see—her ladyship's waiting-maid. Well, the temptation of sudden wealth so easily acquired was too much for you, as it has been for better men before you; but you were not very scrupulous in the means you used. It seems to me, Ryder, that there is the makings of a very pretty villain in you. You knew that this man Horner, the plumber, had been concerned in such matter before, and that suspicion would rest the more readily upon him. What did you do, then? You made some small job in my lady's room—you and your confederate Cusack—and you managed that he should be the man sent for. Then when he had left, you rifled the jewel case, raised the alarm and had this unfortunate man arrested. You then—"

"Ryder threw himself down suddenly upon the rug and clutched my companion's knee. "For God's sake, have mercy!" he shrieked. "Think of my father! of my mother! It would break their hearts. I never went wrong before! I never will again. I swear it. I'll swear it on a Bible. Oh, don't bring it into court! For Christ's sake, don't!"

"Get back into your chair!" said Holmes sternly. "It is very well to cringe and crawl now, but you thought little enough of this poor Horner in the dock for a crime of which he knew nothing."

"I will fly Mr. Holmes. I will leave the country, sir. Then the charge against him will break down."

"Hum! We will talk about that. And now let us hear a true account of the next act. How came the stone into the open market? Tell us the truth, for there lies your only hope of safety."

Ryder passed his parched tongue over his parched lips. "I will tell you it just as it happened, sir," said he. "When Horner had been arrested it seemed to me that it would be best for me to get away with the stone at once, for I did not know at what moment the police might not take it into their heads to search me and my room. There was no place about the hotel where it would be safe. I went out as if on some commission, and I made for my sister's house. She had married a man named Oakshott, and lived in Brixton Road, where she fattened fowls for the market. All the way there every man I met seemed to be a policeman or a detective; and for all that it was a cold night, the sweat was pouring down my face before I came to the Brixton road. My sister asked me what was the matter, and why I was so pale; but I told her that I was upset by the jewel robbery at the hotel. Then I went into the back yard and smoked a pipe and wondered what it would be best to do.

"I had a friend once called Maudsley, who went to the bad, and has just been serving his time in Pentonville. One day he had met me and fell into talk about the ways of thieves, and how they could get rid of what they stole. I knew that he would be true to me, for I knew one or two things about him; so I made up my mind to go right on to Kilburn, where he lived, and take him into my confidence. He would show me how to turn the stone into money. But how to get to him in safety? I thought of the agonies I had gone through in coming from the hotel. I might at any moment be seized and searched, and there would be the stone in my waist-coat pocket. I was leaning against

goose for a Christmas present, and I knew that she was always as good as her word. I would take my goose now, and in it I would carry my stone to Kilburn. There was a little shed in the yard, and behind this I drove one of the birds a fine, big one, white, with a barred tail. I caught it and prying its bill open I thrust the stone down its throat as far as my finger could reach. The bird gave a gulp, and I felt the stone pass along its gullet and down into its crop. But the creature flapped and struggled, and out came my sister to know what was the matter. As I turned to speak to her the brute broke loose and flattered off among the others.

"Whatever were you doing with that bird, Jim?" says she.

"Well," said I, "you said you'd give me one for Christmas, and I was feeling which was the fattest."

is all the same to you, I'd rather have that one I was handling just now."

"The other is a good three pound heavier," said she, "and we fattened it expressly for you."

"Never mind. I'll have the other, and I'll take it now," said I.

"Oh, just as you like," said she, a little puffed. "Which is it you want, then?"

"That white one with the barred tail, right in the middle of the flock."

"Oh, very well. Kill it and take it with you."

"Well, I did what she said, Mr. Holmes, and I carried the bird all the way to Kilburn. I told my pal what I had done, for he was a man that it was easy to tell a thing like that to. He laughed until he choked, and we got a knife and opened the goose. My heart turned to water, for there was no sign of the stone, and I knew that some terrible mistake had occurred. I left the bird, rushed back to my sister's, and hurried into the back yard. There was not a bird to be seen there.

"Where are they all, Maggie?" I said.

"Gone to the dealer's, Jim."

"Which dealer's?"

"Breckinridge, of Covent Garden."

"But was there another with a barred tail?" I asked, "the same as the one I chose?"

"Yes, Jim; there were two barred-tailed ones, and I could never tell them apart."

"Well, then, of course, I saw it all, and I ran off as hard as my feet would carry me to this man Breckinridge; but he had sold the lot at once, and not one word would he tell me as to where they had gone. You heard him yourselves tonight. Well, he has always answered me like that. My sister thinks that I am going mad. Sometimes I think that I am myself. And now—and now I am myself a branded thief, without ever having touched the wealth for which I sold my character. God help me! God help me!" He burst into convulsive sobbing, with his face buried in his hands.

There was a long silence, broken only by his heavy breathing, and by the measured tapping of Sherlock Holmes' fingers upon the edge of the table. Then my friend rose and threw open the door.

"Get out!" said he.

"What, sir! Oh, heaven bless you!"

"No more words. Get out!"

And no more words were needed. There was a rush, a clatter upon the stairs, the bang of a door and the crisp rattle of running footfall from the street.

"After all, Watson," said Holmes, reaching up his hand for his clay pipe. "I am not retained by the police to supply their deficiencies. If Horner were in danger it would be another thing; but this fellow will not appear against him, and the case must collapse. I suppose that I am commuting a felony, but it is just possible that I am saving a soul. This fellow will not go wrong again; he is too terribly frightened. Send him to jail now, and you make him a jail bird for life. Besides, it is the season of forgiveness. Chance has put in our way a most singular and whimsical problem, and its solution is its own reward. If you will have the goodness to touch the bell, doctor, we will begin another investigation, in which, also, a bird will be the chief feature."

(The End.)



"The birds gave a gulp, and I felt the stone pass along its gullet and down its crop."

the wall at the time, and looking at the goose which were waddling about round my feet, and suddenly an idea came into my head which showed me how I could beat the best detective that ever lived.

"Oh," says she, "we've set yours aside for you—Jim's bird, we call it. It's the big white one over yonder. There's twenty-six of them, which makes one for you, one for us and two dozen for the market."

"My sister had told me some weeks before that I might have the pick of her

of the contractors on the Loch Lomond extension. It is likely that some additional work will be done in the ditch—rough the dry lake to confine the water to its proper course. It was the intention of Superintendent Murdoch to open the sluice gate again this morning but owing to the heavy rain having increased the supply to the reservoir from other sources this may not be found necessary. The city requires about 4,000,000 gallons a day for its needs and in the dry season Lake Latimer is relied upon to yield 2,000,000 every twenty-four hours to keep the reservoir at its natural level.

W. H. Trueman has bought the Sharkey property on the northeast corner of Elliott Row and Wentworth street. The sale was effected through M. McDade.

HARCOURT

HARCOURT, Aug. 19 — Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saulnier and Mrs. Theriault are home from the Acadian Convention. Among other French delegates from this parish were: Paul Gallant, of Coal Branch; Telesphore Arsenault, and Andre J. Arsenault, of Adamsville.

Miss Gussie McWilliams of Ford's returned yesterday from a two weeks' visit in the north to Miss McNair, a former teacher at Ford's Mills.

John Owens of Salmon River spent Friday with L. J. Watken.

Joseph Call of Pine Ridge is visiting Robert Wellwood.

Miss M. Ruth Thurber has been quite ill for the last week.

Miss Jean Thurber returned yesterday from an extended vacation in Chatham.

Rev. Mr. Townsend of Bass River conducted Presbyterian Preparatory Communion service here last night.

Misses Flora Shirley and Blanche Wellwood returned last night from a visit to friends in Pine Ridge.

Benjamin B. MacLeod and A. Bruce Buckfield returned last night from a week's fishing at Tweedie Brook.

Today Andrew Ferguson of Harcourt and Frank McWilliams of Ford's Mills leave for Winnipeg on the Harvest excursion.

Forest fires are devouring the woods of Birch Ridge, near Coal Branch, and in other places near here.

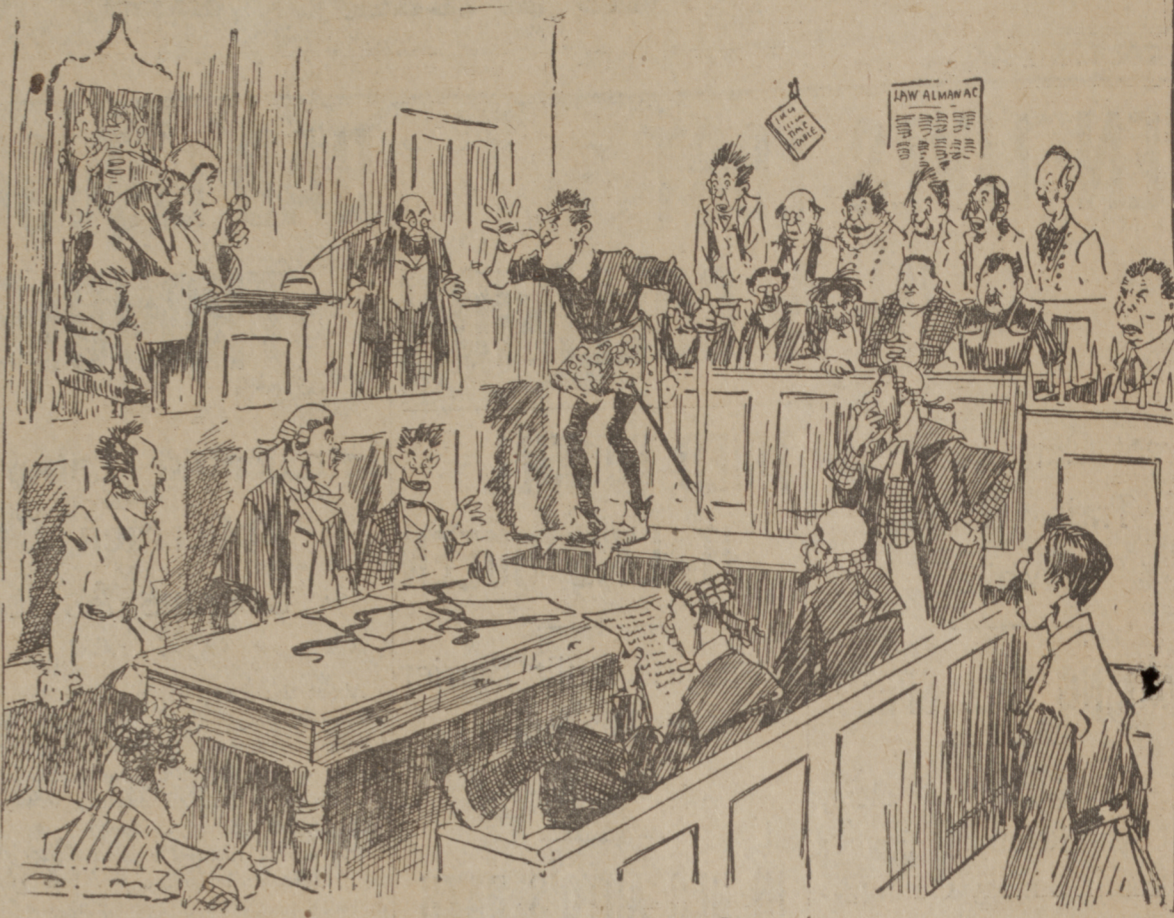
Today Mr. and Mrs. Clairville Price of Clairville, near Coal Branch, leave for Alberta, where they will take up a homestead near Edmonton, in which vicinity two of their sons are already settled.

Mrs. James W. Champion of Worcester (Mass.), who has been visiting Dr. Champion in P. E. I., came to Harcourt on the 17th to visit another son, Rev. J. B. Champion.

A new Sabbath school, with Charles Ward superintendent, has been opened at Smith's Corner.

A married woman's idea of a genuine hero is a man who hands his pay envelope over to his wife every week unopened.

HUMORS OF HISTORY---123



Prince Hal and Judge Gasgoigne.

The closing years of Henry IV's life were troubled by the riotous and dissipated conduct of his eldest son, Prince Hal. This young man, on one occasion, insulted and drew his sword upon Gasgoigne, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, because the judge insisted upon dealing impartially with one of the Prince's dissolute companions. Upon this, the Lord Chief is said to have committed the Prince.

BEAR IN MIND

That we do not use premiums or schemes to sell the



Van Horne

10c. Cigar

It sells on its merits and is Worth the price any time, anywhere.

HARRIS, HARKNESS & CO

MAKERS.

Perfect Beer

THOROUGHLY filtered soft river water, the best Barley-Malt, imported Bohemian Hops and Special Culture Yeast are the ingredients of



Budweiser

"King of Bottled Beers"

By lagering (ageing) not less than 4 months, every trace of the injurious, unfermented constituents, found in immature beer, is removed.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Orders Promptly Filled by

M. A. Finn, Distributor, St. John, N. B.

Buster Brown

The Famous 5ct. Cigar

Made of Long Havana Filler by Skilled Union Labor

Bound to Become a Favorite With Every User
SOLD EVERYWHERE

A. & I. ISAACS, Manufacturers

So many of us are anxious to do away with vices—in our neighbors.

SHEFFIELD

SHEFFIELD, Aug. 18 — The weather for the past few weeks has been exceptionally fine and the crops are all suffering for the want of rain.

Mrs. Lurton and Mrs. Cragg left for Boston Thursday after a very pleasant visit among relatives at Lakeville Corner.

Mrs. W. J. W. Bridges entertained a number of her friends very pleasantly on Friday afternoon and evening to a birthday party.

Miss Mary Perley returned home from St. John this afternoon; also Miss Allie Clow and Miss Nettie Crothers.

Mrs. B. H. Grant of Carleton (St. John) is visiting relatives in Sheffield.

Miss Ida Day, Miss Pansy Camp, Miss Sadie S. Bridges, Miss Helen Ferguson and Foster Camp all attended the Women's Missionary meeting, which was held in Fredericton Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Gilbert have returned home from a very pleasant trip to Amherst.

Miss Maude Wasson of St. John, and her cousin, Miss Smith, of Albert county, are up staying a few weeks at Mr. Wasson's cottage at Upper Sheffield.

Mr. Ulmer from Albert, Albert county, arrived by steamer Victoria Friday to visit friends at J. Ale River.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bailey and son Alexandra are home from Edmondston.

Miss L. Briggs was at Gagetown Friday. Mrs. James E. Coy of Upper Gagetown was in Sheffield Tuesday on business.

LUMBER PROPERTY SOLD

Hopewell Hill, Aug. 18—This afternoon James C. Wright sold at auction his 900 acres of timber land—with saw mill and the standing timber, or a fifty-acre lot adjoining, the buyer being Warren Downey, of Cape Station, who secured the property for \$16,050. The property is situated at Memel, four miles from here. The general impression is that it sold well. J. Alex. Fullerton was the auctioneer. Among the lumbermen present were G. D. Prescott, J. L. Peck, James W. Smith, P. J. McClellan, Warren Downey, Oscar Downey. The bidding was quiet.

Wife—Too dear, Charles? Don't be absurd. It's a regular duck of a bonnet. Husband—Nonsense, my dear. It must be a woodpecker, judging by the bill.

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured, 60c a box, at all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment